

## it's bullshit by harryisqueen

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**Summary:**

they were doomed from the start .  
she loved Jonathon.  
it.was.bullshit

## **it's bullshit**

Steve was in love with her. Genuinely whole-heartedly in love with her. Unfortunately, on that night of the party, he found the feeling was not mutual.

Steve never really knew how to treat a woman. He did think he was attractive and charming enough to hook just about any girl he would want. Euphoric one-night stands were the only thing he was used to. Until Nancy Wheeler caught his eye. He could not believe his luck when the wonderful, beautiful Nancy accepted being his girlfriend it was like euphoria. To be with the girl you really wanted. However, after around a year of being together, it came crashing down around him.

Nancy wanted to go to a part and be “Normal teenagers” for just one night. Steve should have known the night was doomed as soon as Nancy started drinking. When she had drunk a large multitude of drinks Steve decided it was time to step in and maybe cut her off. Of course, as any person who was highly intoxicated with alcohol would react she did not want this precious numbing drug taken away from her.

“Nancy I think you’ve had enough” Steve had tried to reason.

But of course his luck he ended up dumping the drink down the front of Nancy’s white top.

“What the hell?” Nancy questioned him shoving past him to make her way to a bathroom to attempt to remove the large red stain that now adorned her shirt.

“Nance” He sighed in annoyance at himself as he followed her to the bathroom.

Once in the bathroom, she immediately started trying to remove the large stain on the front of her top.

“Nancy, I’m sorry,” Steve said in an attempt to apologize to Nancy.

“That’s not coming off Nance,” Steve said trying to reason with her after she ignored his apology.

"It's coming." She muttered angrily.

"Come on let me just take you home okay? Come here." Steve said trying to get her to stop rubbing the stain angrily.

"You wanted this." Nancy angrily slurred out.

"No, I didn't I told you to stop drinking," Steve said once again trying to reason with Nancy.

Reasoning with a drunk person always felt like trying to reason with a brick wall thought to himself.

"It's bullshit," Nancy said continuing to scrub at the stain.

"No, it's not bullshit," Steve said trying to hide his growing exasperation with Nancy's attitude.

"Bullshit." She muttered again.

"No, it's not bull-," Steve said.

"No, you-you're bullshit." Nancy spat out.

"What?" Steve questioned completely confused by what she meant.

"You're pretending like everything is okay. Like Barb isn't dead and like we didn't kill her." Nancy said her words slurring together due to the alcohol. "Like everything's great and like we're in love and we're partying. Yeah, lets party. We're partying," She continued making close to no sense to Steve. "This is bullshit."

Steve was curious and concerned where this negative attitude was coming from. He did not understand. She had been fine just a few short moments before. Steve tried passing it off as her being drunk and out of her head but he knew it ran deeper than that. "Like we're in love" was playing on a loop in his brain. What did she mean, "Like we're in love?"

"Like we're in love?" Steve finally questioned out loud after a few small moments of silence.

"It's bullshit." Nancy hatefully said to him.

"You don't love me?" Steve questioned his voice shuddering in shock.

"It's bullshit," Nancy said.

Steve felt his face crumble. Steve pushed his way past her and out of the bathroom. He weaved his way through all of the drunken partygoers. Steve was angrily trying to blink the tears away that were rapidly building in his eyes. Once reaching his car, he leaned his head down on the steering wheel and sobbed. It hurt so much. He thought she loved him. He thought they were happily in love. "Like we're in love." Would not stop repeating its self repeatedly in his head.

"Like we're in love." "Like we're in love." "Like we're in love." Steve let out yet another sob. He could not handle this. This is why one-night stands were so much easier. No heartbreak. No bullshit. No commitment. No "like we're in loves." Steve lifted his head up from his steering wheel. He forced his wet eyes open. No matter how mad he was. No matter how heartbroken he had to make sure Nancy made it home safely.

Steve once again swiped the tears away from under his eyes and went to open his car door. He stopped in his tracks upon seeing Nancy heavily leaning on Jonathon as he helped her into his car. Steve quietly got back into his car. He started the engine and tightly squeezed his eyes tightly together in a lame attempt to prevent more tears. He watched as Jonathon drove away in the direction of Nancy's house. Steve shoved his car into drive and drove home.

Upon reaching his house, he snuck in as quietly as possible. He made it up to his room stripped out of his ridiculous stupid costume. He sat on the edge of his bed burying his face in his hands. God, it hurt. Why did it hurt so much? Why did the upside down and Johnathon Byers have to exist? Why didn't Nancy love him? Why did she lie about loving him?

Steve's stomach felt as if it was being squeezed his breathing increasing. He was desperately trying to calm himself down as he felt a panic attack coming on. He practised the routine his therapist had

taught him all those years ago. The feeling of breathing in deeply holding it then releasing it. It felt heart-achingly nostalgic.

He had not had one of these since his mom walked out. Nancy and his mom were so much alike. He should have guessed it from the beginning. He should have seen the same signs in Nancy he saw in his mother when she was having an affair with another man. His mother never truly loved his father or her children. She left because she felt trapped. Trapped with a man she never truly loved.

Nancy had not left him. However, he knew she harboured feelings for Johnathon that he could not try to force her to get rid of. It would not be fair to her. As much as Steve hated to admit it and as much as it hurt, he wanted Nancy happy. He knew Johnathon was that person that could truly help her and make her happy.

It was bullshit.

#### **Author's Note:**

Thoughts?

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